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in all kinds of variety, but all are distorted. None are in natural form. A straight line is never used where a circle or a distorted curve can be injected; and where the straight line is used, it is interrupted with numerous cartouches and ornaments, which are intended only to bring about interruption and unrest. In confirmation of this, let one look at photographs of the Château d'Eau, the Palace of Fine Arts, or a picture looking into the Esplanade des Invalides. It would be a mere repetition and variation of expression, conveying always the same idea, to go more into detail and name others of the principal structures. If one questions the general statement that this architecture is debased, let one take the recent issues of the weekly magazines, and compare the exposition buildings with even the modern parts of the Louvre, the government buildings near the Place de la Concorde, or even the rather ornate Trocadéro, and see how relatively dignified these structures appear. These earlier structures, which are among the most ornate in the world, sink by comparison into relative sanity and simplicity.

The United States pavilion cannot be said to be debased; it is merely crude and common. It is architecture in the raw.

There is something about this architecture which reminds one of the Dreyfus trial. There it was not Dreyfus who was being tried but the French people. Here the French people are on trial again in what might be a great artistic expression.

LOUIS H. GIBSON.

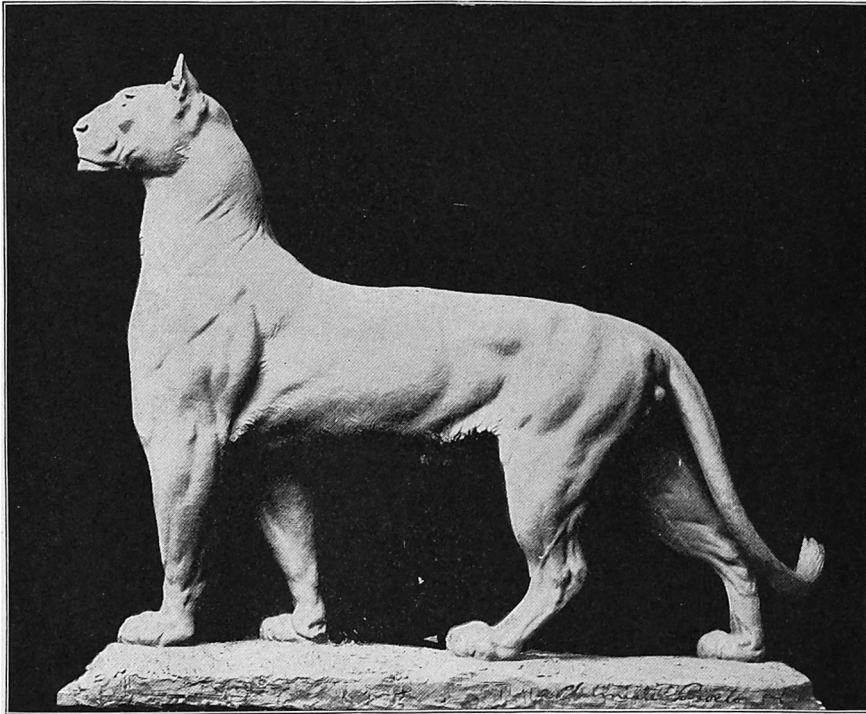


AMERICAN SCULPTURE AT THE EXPOSITION, I.

The exposition catalogue enumerates about 1,546 works of sculpture, of which 640 pieces are French and 70 are American. Our proportion is modest, and in the grand total so small a number must needs be of unusual excellence in order to make itself felt at all. Fortunately a few of these works are of conspicuous size, and still more fortunately the workmanship of nearly all is so notably good that the American exhibit is by no means lost in this vast arena of struggling figures. Indeed, I may say more. In worthy, dignified mastery of the sculptor's art, as in painting, there is no question but that the United States stands next to France. I do not suppose that the Italians, the Germans, and the Russians would concede this, and it is unfortunate that we show so few marbles as backing to our pretensions. May distance excuse us in this regard? After all, it is not so much a question of the material used as it is of the conception and its expression in sculptural terms. Our works are nearly all in plaster—like the majority of the French sculptures—but a good cast is infinitely preferable to a bad marble, which, fairly clamoring with its

story of futile effort, seems to me the most pathetic thing in the whole range of art.

The American exhibit of sculpture begins promptly on the moment that one walks through that queer principal entrance on the Place de la Concorde. For here, keeping guard at the gate, stand the outposts of Proctor's menagerie, those famous pumas of Prospect Park, Brooklyn. I found the sculptor bronzing them the other day, while



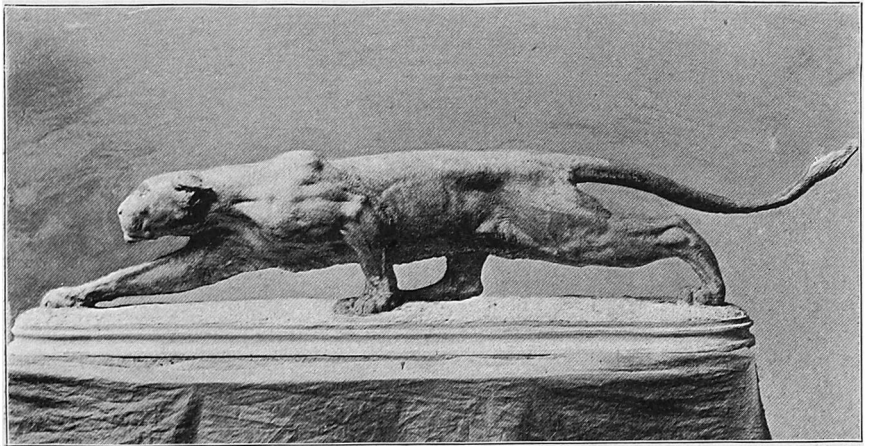
PUMA, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, N. Y., BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

an assistant studied the problem of making their plaster tails strong enough to withstand the energies of the Paris gamin. He swings on them at every opportunity—and then, alas, thereby hangs no tail!

These great creatures stand with heads high lifted, and are almost Egyptian in their impressiveness. The pose is one which Mr. Proctor says he has often seen the wild animal take when startled, but the French are not familiar with our new-world fauna, and often criticise the "queer lionesses." They can stand it, however, and are among the finest things thus far created by this skillful sculptor. Mr. Proctor shows more numbers than any other American, the remainder being, however, little bronzes scattered through the galleries of American

paintings, admirable works, already familiar to the readers of this magazine, as the "Indian Warrior," the "Challenge," the panther, "Fate," the "Dog with a Bone," and the tiny fawn. Nor must we forget the great quadriga which crowns the American building, and which has cost the sculptor no end of toil since last September. The effect from the river is very fine, and likewise from the Pont des Invalides, as far as it can be seen, but when you get near enough to enjoy the details an impudent projection on the overgrown Turkish building shuts off the view.

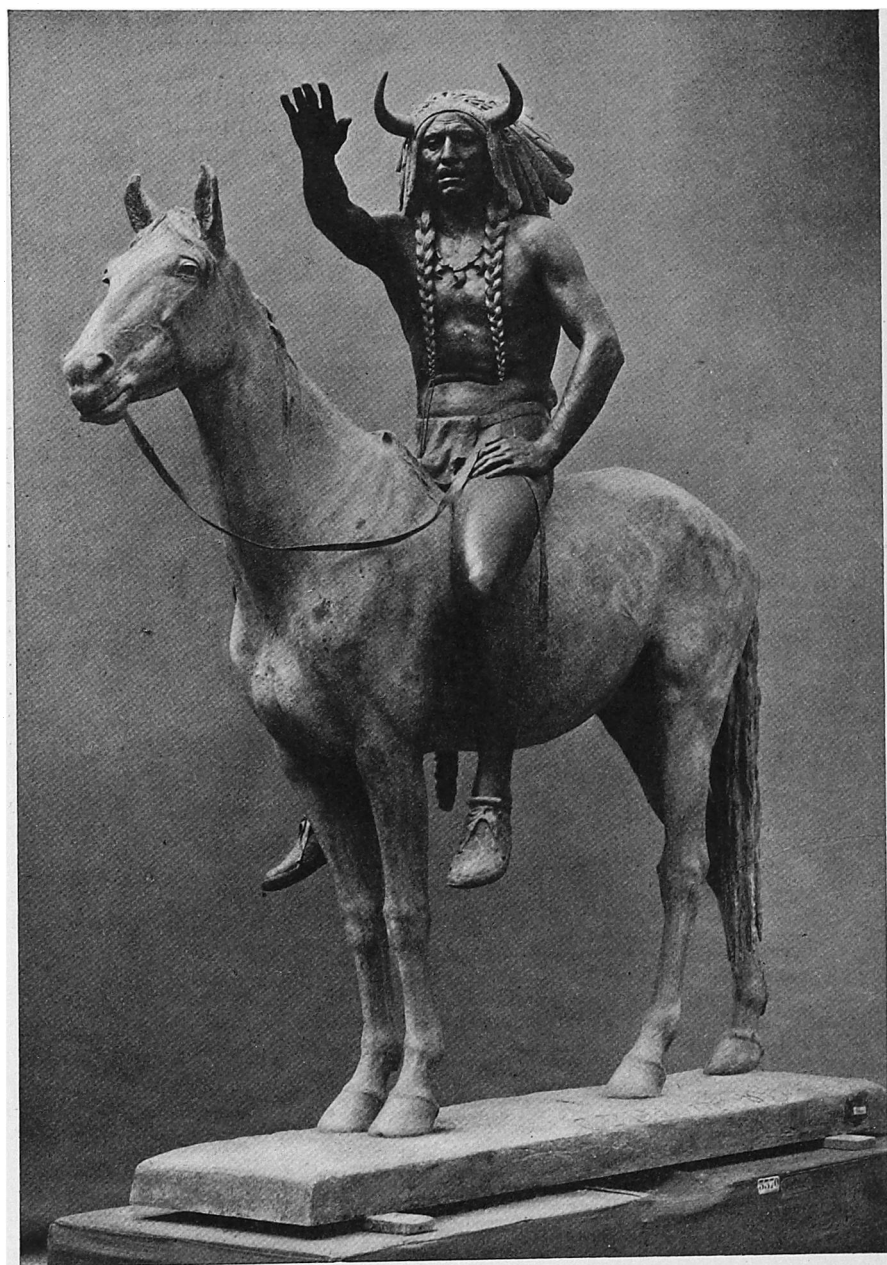
While here we have also a distant glimpse of Daniel French's great work, the equestrian Washington, which stands under a triumphal arch



PANTHER, BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

or portico of the American building. As in the case of the quadriga, this is to be seen only from the river, and there but unsatisfactorily, though it makes a noble and fitting decoration for our national building, a significant center of interest which most of these structures lack. The bronze, which is to be unveiled and presented to the French government on July 3d, will be the subject of a special article when the time comes. I will only say now that it seems to me that Messrs. French and Potter have fairly outdone themselves in this last work. It is the greatest and most beautiful equestrian statue yet produced in America.

Approaching now the Art Palace, one is greeted first by Dallin's "Medicine Man," who sits his Indian pony well, and lifts his hand as in amazement at the wonderful scene about him. One remembers, however, that the Indians never show surprise, and this must be a gesture of command. It is a striking piece of work, and seems to



THE MEDICINE MAN
BY C. E. DALLIN



THE CHAPIN MEMORIAL
AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

me by far the best thing that this earnest Western-born sculptor has yet produced.

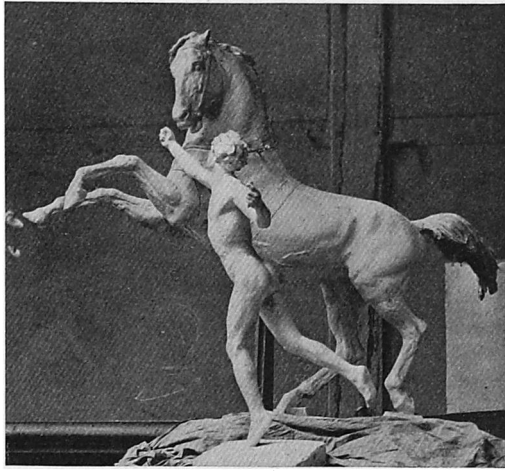
Speaking of the West reminds me that in completing the list of Mr. Proctor's exhibits I hastened away from the main entrance, quite forgetting another American group which stands near the pumas. This is the "Football Players," by Mr. Douglas Tilden, of Oakland, California. He, too, is making great advance, and this group is a notable improvement in workmanship over the "Tired Boxer," of which we have a cast at the Art Institute in Chicago. Indeed, it is so well composed and so ample in its modeling that I took it for a French work. The erect figure is really fine; his stooping companion is rather monotonous in certain details, though well drawn. One feels that Mr. Tilden is one of our growing men.

I respect him for his struggle with the subjects of our own day. The modern costume seems to me hopeless, but the California sculptor is making a brave effort.

Approaching now the Art Palace, we find that old reprobate, the "God Pan," lying at his ease among the bushes, and piping his lay with ears lopped as comfortably as though he were on a mossy bank in Arcadia surrounded by a Sunday-school class of respectful little fauns. I have often wondered how George Barnard ever happened to make this monstrous creature; what inspiration the sculptor of the "Two Natures" could find in the subject I cannot divine. Probably some old fountain figure in Italy gave him the idea, and he forgot the anachronism in his love of nature, which Pan is supposed to typify. It is great modeling, anyway, and the best sculptors of all lands appreciate it.

Nearing now the entrance of the Art Palace, we are surprised to recognize two acquaintances across the way, serving as decorations of the approach to the smaller palace. These are respectively our inexorable old friend, "Deacon Chapin" (Saint Gaudens' Puritan of the generous cloak), and as his pendant, MacMonnies' "Sir Harry Vane." History tells us that the latter was quite a Puritan himself, but he certainly looks more at home in this brilliant gathering than does the good deacon. He pulls on his gloves in the leisurely way of a man

who has centuries to do it in, but the sturdy Chapin grasps his unwieldy Bible and fairly thumps that crabtree cane upon his pedestal at sight of so much worldliness. These figures stand here among the French decorative sculptures with an air of much distinction. They are not only well modeled, but they are interesting; they strike a personal note which it is good to feel.



A FRAGMENT OF THE QUADRIGA
BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

We enter now the great Art Palace, and stand amazed at the display of sculpture which confronts us. The way seems actually barricaded with statuary. Here is a space as vast and high as a cathedral packed with figures and groups of all sizes and in all materials. We have no time for "emotions" to-day, so I shall not attempt to describe the scene, and far be it from me to more than allude to foreign work in a magazine so strictly American as *BRUSH AND PENCIL*! I must explain the situation of the American exhibit, however, by stating that the center of the great nave is held by an immense monument to Victor Hugo by Barrias. A ring of important sculptures encircle this big pile, and one-half of this ring is the American display. The French segment is made up of figures but little above life-size, but the American side piles high, vying with the Victor Hugo in prominence. Further to the left other colossal doings—German and Hungarian—lift themselves toward the glass roof, but they are stupid, blocky things, not to be compared with this superb group of works which will make American sculpture respected the world round.

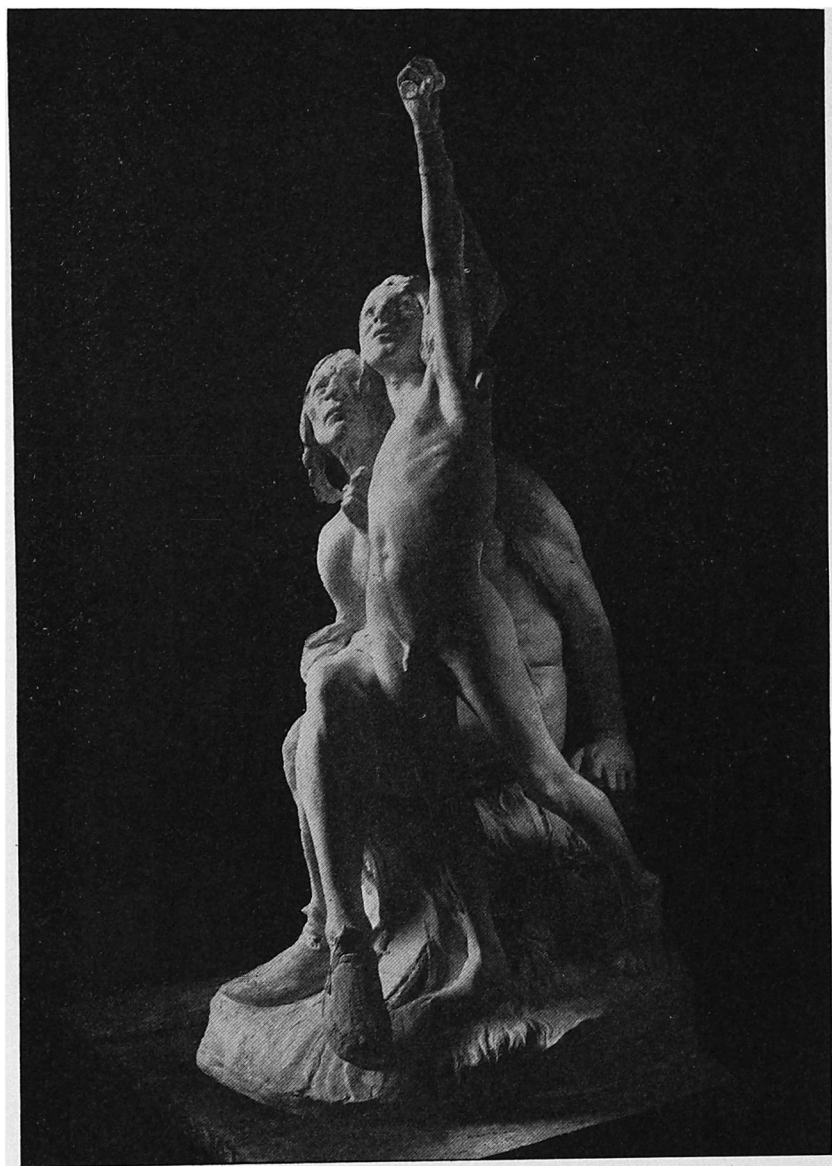
Its crowning glory is Saint Gaudens' new equestrian figure of General Sherman, led by a winged Victory, a monument ordered some time ago by New York City. It is one of the great sculptor's greatest works, and I am glad indeed that it can be seen here alongside of French monumental sculptures. The artists here all acknowledge its beauty and its "style." It has a look of distinction which raises it way out of the entire category of equestrian statues shown here, with the exception of MacMonnies' great decorative groups, and that gem of modern French art, Paul Dubois' "*Jeanne d'Arc*." I found M. Boutet de Monvel admiring the Sherman the other day, and he

took me to the point of view which he considered the finest, a little to the left of the front, where the lines of the splendid Victory combine with those of the horse and rider to make a compact oval of charming sculptural animation. The conception has a spiritual quality which enters into few works of this era. It follows naturally that the feeling of flesh does not predominate; the only criticism that I have heard passed upon the group is that it seems to some a little "lean."



THE MOQUI SNAKE DANCER, BY H. A. MacNEIL

It is consistently slender in its elements, though the aggregate presents an imposing mass. This Victory is not one of those ample demoiselles who thrive and bloom so unstintedly upon the average French monument. (Examples are close at hand!) She is not a real woman, who takes the field with Gallic enthusiasm for the picturesque; she is a spirit presence, the personification of a force rather than an individual. Within the lines of a definite sculptural mass the master has created the miracle of an ethereal form. She is necessarily in human shape; one



THE SUN-VOW
BY H. A. MacNEIL

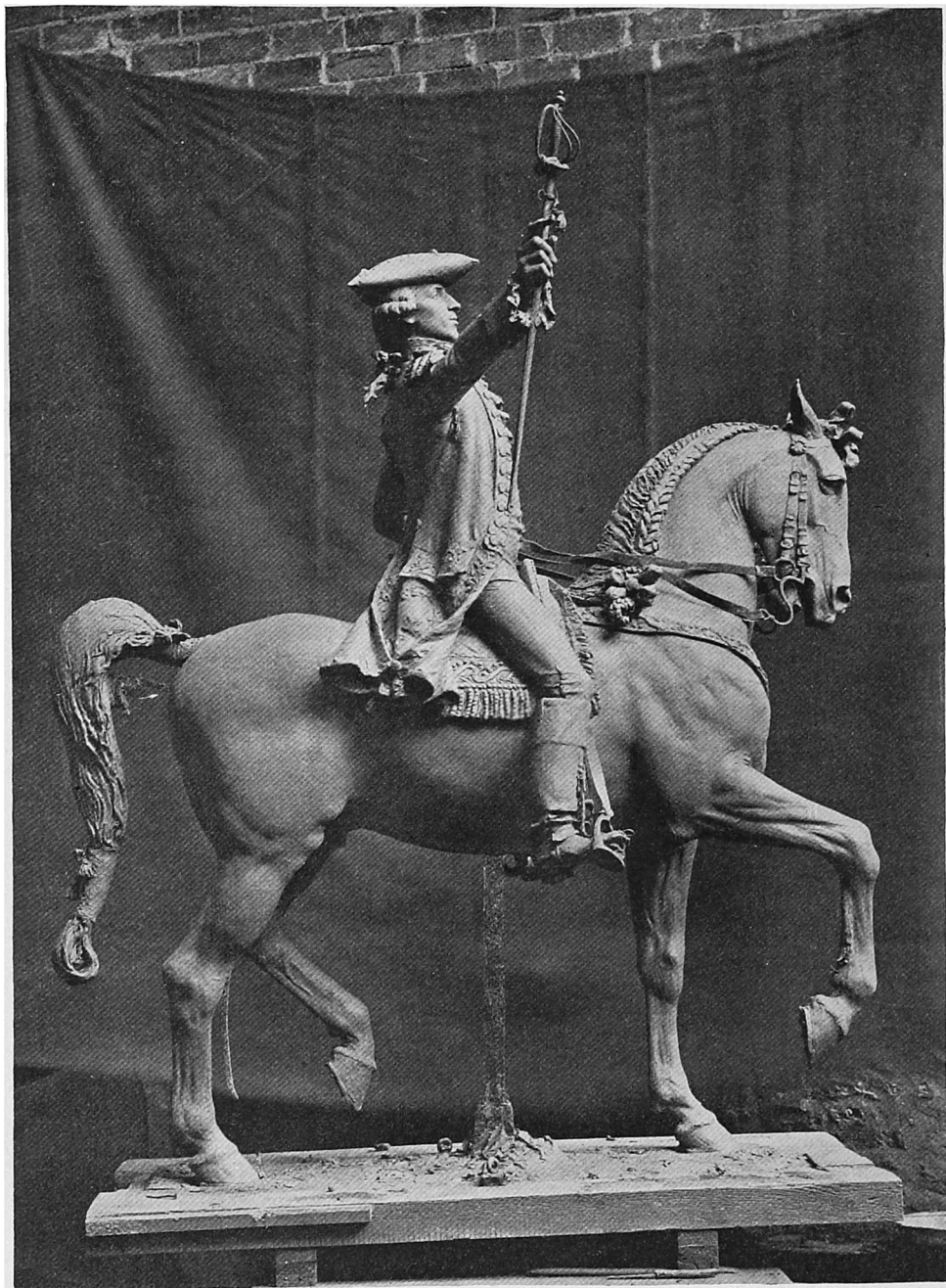
sees her, yet the impression is rather of a presence felt. With extraordinary delicacy the great artist has known how to suggest and to develop this conception within our minds. One of the secrets of this power is the fact that there is no display of physical peculiarities forced upon our attention. Saint Gaudens' Victory differs from the deep-chested, generous-limbed Niké of Samothrace as our conception of a spirit differs from the Greek ideals of the immortal gods. She is an expression of our race and time. Mr. Saint Gaudens is unsurpassed in this form of expression. His "Angel of the Tablet" in the Luxembourg—a copy of which is shown here also—is of this same ethereal brood. There is no feeling of inadequacy in the structure of this figure. If there were, it would thwart its purpose; you would think of the body. He has known how to give her strength, and yet to entirely subordinate the physical. No detail strikes you particularly except the earnest, inspired look, the outstretched arm which seems to command, the great splendid wings, and the flutter of long, sweeping folds of drapery. What her costume, how she combs her hair, what kind of shoes she wears—these things one does not notice. The details make absolutely no impression. One only knows that here is a noble being which leads on and ever on, with "stern, sweet face," to triumphs ever new, but under her guidance inevitable.

General Sherman's tall, thin figure is partially enveloped in his military cloak, which fills in the breeze. They are advancing. He leans forward, his head bare, hat in hand. His face is serenely confident, almost smiling. Why should he not be when led by Victory! The general's horse is built like himself, of structure spare but strong. It is a real horse, a serviceable horse, not one of those bulky, pneumatic-tire creatures which are the traditional war-horses of art.

The entire group is exquisitely modeled. Every touch gives proof of Saint Gaudens' artistic conscience.

MacNeil's fine group, "The Sun Vow," is an enlargement of a sketch which he made in Chicago. An old Indian, seated, watches the efforts of a boy in shooting an arrow at the sun. The group is of life-size, but looks small among its larger neighbors. It is compact and admirable from every point of view. The modeling is careful, yet never dry and tiresome. The expressions are remarkably good, the old man's earnest squinting in the light being very realistic. The accessories are handled with great charm of touch, a true sense of the decorative. This group and the other products of Mr. MacNeil's five years abroad will give him a new rating in American art.

In another gallery we find MacNeil's weird Moqui snake-dancer; with his hands full of writhing serpents. The figure looks as though it would rush by us, so animated is its pose, but it is modeled with a seriousness of treatment and expression that befits the religious significance of this rather unappetizing ceremonial.



THE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE
BY PAUL WAYLAND BARTLETT
To be unveiled in Paris on July 4, 1900

While the war of words has raged in our art magazines and papers over the Lafayette monument, Paul Bartlett has been working away in the quiet, secluded little town of St. Leu, a few miles to the north of Paris. The great project is by no means near completion, for this conscientious sculptor does not propose to hurry things in the fashion of soldier-monument modelers of the United States. Those who imagine that the finished work will be unveiled on the coming Fourth of July are very much mistaken. Mr. Bartlett has but just completed the working model, of one-half size. The definitive enlargement from this will monopolize his time for a year or more, and the bronze casting will require several months.

Therefore he is now having a hasty staff sketch "pointed up" to full size, to serve the exigencies of the unveiling. This temporary model will also enable the sculptor to judge the final effect of the work in position before committing himself irrevocably to its lines.

A very great success is predicted by all who have seen the carefully studied working model. The photograph gives some idea of its unusual combination of style and strength. It makes one think of that splendid figure of Henri de la Rochejaquelin by Falguière; the elegant aristocrat, the intrepid hero in one.

If there is any spot in this superesthetic "capital of the world" which demands "style" in its decoration, it is the beautiful little square within the court of the Tuileries which the French have generously offered for the placing of this statue. Here it will be literally framed in by the sumptuous pavilions and arcades of that splendid palace. It is the choicest spot in all Paris, a spot where all the artistic traditions of this people may be said to concentrate. In granting it, they pay signal honor to our nation's gift and to the young sculptor whose handiwork it is.

Those who have known Mr. Bartlett's serious and scholarly art have not doubted his ability to make a good equestrian statue, but he is doing more than this. He has risen amply to the special demands of the occasion, and is creating a work of such distinction, such decorative quality, that it will be full worthy of its proud location. The youthful rider, in embroidered coat and tricorne; the clean-cut silhouette of the horse, admirably considered from all sides; the playfully elaborate trappings of the period, and finally the rich yet chaste pedestal of the Colleoni horseman, will make this a magnificent monument to Lafayette and to liberty, a gift which will honor all concerned.

LORADO TAFT.

Paris.